

# HITS OF THE WAR

AMERICAN  
ENGLISH  
CANADIAN  
SONGS

**Prijs fl.0.50**

De meest populaire songs, die tijdens de oorlog in Amerika, Engeland en Canada door de hot- en swingbands werden gespeeld.

*Vanaf heden*

verschijnt weer iedere maand onze uitgaaf met de nieuwste **Amerikaansche, Engelsche en Canadeesche songs uit films en radio.** Ons eerste nummer na de oorlog is gewijd aan de

## **„Hits of the War“**

Het volgende nummer brengt songs uit de nieuwste films. Tevens zullen wij een beschouwing geven van de eerste hier verschijnende Amerikaansche en Engelsch speelfilms en het actueelste nieuws brengen over de filmsterren. —

Uitgevers: S.E.C.  
Joh. Verhulststr. 198 Telef. 29987, A'dam

## **Gode save the King.**

God save our gracious King,  
Long live our noble King,  
God save the King.  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious.  
Long to reign over us  
God save the King.

## **Wilhelmus van Nassouwe.**

Wihelmus van Nassouwe  
ben ick van Dietschen bloet.  
Den Vaderlant ghetrouwe,  
blijf ick tot in den doedt.  
Een Prince van Orangien,  
ben ick vrij onverveert,  
Den Coninck van Hispaengien  
heb ick altijd gheëert.

Mijn schildt en de betrouwe,  
Sijt Gij, O Godt mijn Heer.  
Op U so wil ick bouwen,  
Verlaat mij nimmer meer.  
Dat ick doch vroom, mach blijven.  
Uw dienaer t' aller stont.  
De tyranny verdrijven,  
Die mij mijn hert doorwont.

# **The Star-Spangled Banner**

Oh. say: can you see by the dawn's early light,  
what so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars,  
thro' the perilous fight.  
O'er the ramparts we watched,  
were so gallantly streaming?  
And the rockets red glare,  
the bombs bursting in air  
Gave proof thro' the night,  
that our flag was still there,  
Oh. say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave,  
o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

# **Oh, Canada**

Oh, Canada, our home and native land,  
True patriot love in all our sons command.  
With glowing hearts we see thee rise.  
The true North strong and free.  
And stand on guard, Oh. Canada,  
We stand on guard for thee.  
Oh. Canada, glorious and free,  
We stand on guard for thee, Oh Canada,  
We stand on guard for thee, Oh Canada!

# Did your Mother come from Ireland?

Oh! I've never seen old Ireland o'er the ocean,  
Tho' I've wish'd for the chance to greet it.  
In my mind I've always had a crazy notion,  
That I'd know a bit of Irish when I meet it.

## Chorus

Did your mother come from Ireland?  
'Cos there's something in your Irish,  
Will you tell me where you get those Irish eyes?  
And before she left Killarney,  
Did your mother kiss the blarney?  
'Cos your little touch of brogue you can't disguise.  
Oh! I wouldn't be romancin',  
I can almost see you dancin'  
While the Kerry pipers play.  
Shure! and maybe we'll be sharin'  
In the shamrock you'll be wearin',  
On the next St. Patrick's Day.  
Did your mother come from Ireland?  
'Cos there's something in you Irish,  
And that bit of Irish steals my heart away.

# Everybody's Swingin' it now

Honey, I'm so happy to be here with you,  
This is really Heaven on wings.  
There's the corner table I've reserved for two,  
Let's get in the swing of things.

## Chorus

Everybody's Swingin' it now,

Everybody's Swingin' it now.  
Oh, honey, there's the floor, here's our chance,  
This kind of music will make anyone dance.  
It's Heaven to be swingin' with you  
Ma and Pa are swingin' it too.  
A million moonbeams are swingin' above,  
A million sweethearts are swingin' in love  
Everybody's happy and how!  
Everybody's Swingin' it now,  
Hallelujah! Everybody's Swingin' it now!

# In The Chapel in The Moonlight.

There's a little old church that's cover'd with green,  
Where I held your hand tenderly.  
I often go there to gaze at the scene,  
And dream that you'll come back to me

## Chorus

How I'd love to hear the organ  
In The Chapel In The Moonlight,  
While we're strolling down the aisle  
Where roses entwine,  
How I'd love to hear you whisper  
In The Chapel In The Moonlight  
That the love light in your eyes  
For ever will shine.  
Till the roses turn to ashes,  
Till the organ turns to rust,  
If you never come I'll still be there,  
Till the moonlight turns to dust.  
How I'd love to hear the choir  
In The Chapel in The Moonlight  
As they sing "Oh! Promise Me"  
For ever be mine.  
In a little old book a lovely old hymn  
Still echoes in my memorie.  
Should I turn to the page my eyes would grow dim,  
With thoughts of what once used to be.

# Kentucky.

Roll along old Choo! Choo! go rolling along.  
I'am going South away from the gay City throng.  
When blue grass I see from the old Southern train,  
I'll know I'm home again.

## Chorus

Kentucky, Kentucky.  
Where skies are so blue,  
Kentucky, I'am lucky  
To be bound for my sunny Southland.  
I'm humming, I'm strumming  
Those old songs ever new.  
I'm coming, yes I'm coming  
Kentucky to you!

Soon I'll see the Cotton fields whiter than snow,  
Soon I'll hear the banjo of old Uncle Joe.  
When I see those big water melons once more  
I'll know I'm back for sure.



# Pennies from Heaven

A long time ago, a million years B.C.  
The best things in life were absolutely free.  
But no one appreciated  
A sky that was always blue,  
And no one congratulated  
A moon that was always new.  
So it was planned that they would vanish now and then  
And you must pay before you get them back again;  
That's what storms were made for,  
And you shouldn't be afraid.

## Chorus

For ev'ry time it rains, it rains  
Pennies From Heaven.  
Don't you know each cloud contains  
Pennies From Heaven?  
You'll find your fortune falling all over town,  
Be sure that your umbrella is upside down.  
Trade them for a package of  
Sunshine and flowers.  
If you want the things you love,  
You must have showers,  
So when you hear it thunder,  
Don't run under a tree,  
There'll be Pennies from Heaven,  
For you and me.

# Solitude

In my Solitude you haunt me,  
With reveries of days gone by.  
In my Solitude you taunt me,  
With memories that never die;  
I sit in my chair, I'm filled with despair,  
There's no one could be so sad;  
With gloom ev'rywhere I sit and I stare,  
I know that I'll soon go mad.  
In my Solitude I'm praying,  
Dear Lord above, send back my love

# Red, White and Blue.

There's a big event to-day,  
Crowds and crowds are on their way.  
Flags are flying, hear the band,  
Ain't a coronation grand.

Refrain:

Red, White and Blue,  
All together, let's sing  
Three cheers for the Queen.  
Red, White and Blue,  
There's a banner unfurled  
All over the world.  
We're all happy, what do we care,  
Let the others do as they dare;  
Fore we'll all come smiling through  
With the old Red, White and Blue.  
All together, gives three cheers,  
It's the finest sight in years.  
Wave your flags, and wave them high,  
Sing your praises to the sky.

# When my Dream Boat comes Home.

Dreams call to me  
Over a rose-tinted sea;  
I wait on the shore  
For the one I adore.

Refrain:

When my Dream Boat comes Home,  
Then my dreams no more will roam,  
I will meet you and greet you,  
Hold you closely "My own".

Moonlit waters will sing  
Of the tender love you bring.  
We'll be sweethearts for ever.  
When my Dream Boat comes Home.  
Breeze send to me  
Romance and love from the sea;  
My eyes scan the blue  
As I wait dear, for you.

# Home, sweet Home

'Mid pleasures and palace thought —we may foam  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there.  
Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere  
Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!  
There's no place like Home!  
There's no place like Home!

An exile from Home, splendor dazzle's in vain.  
Oh give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!  
The birds singin gaily that came at my call.  
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all  
Home! Home! a.s.o.

# I'm gonna Clap mij Hands.

There are things that I would like to do,  
But chances I have had are very few!  
But now that I'm in love I feel gay.  
I must express my feelings in just this way:

## Chorus

I'm gonna snap my Hands. (Clap hands)  
I'm gonna snap my fingers (Snap fingers)  
Struttin' like a peacock,  
Feelin' like a millionaire.  
I'm gonna stamp my feet. (Stamp feet)  
I'm gonna start to whistle. (Whistle)  
Struttin' like a peacock,  
Feelin' like a millionaire.  
She said she loved me,  
Oh! what a great surprise.  
You know I love her,  
You can tell it by my eyes.  
I'm gonna Clap my Hands (clap hands)  
I'm gonna snap my fingers (snap fingers)  
Struttin' like a peacock,  
Feelin' like a millionnair.

# The Rose in her Hair

Love is a rose,  
And it grows like a rose;  
I found a rose  
Nestled in someone's hair.  
Sweet was the rose.  
And never a maid was so fair.

Refrain.

In their eyes there was moonlight,  
And a rose in her hair;  
In my arms there was no one,  
So I just put her there.  
On her lips was a promise,  
In my heart was a prayer;  
When I finally went  
I went home with the scent of the rose in her hair

Love is a bloom,  
But for whom does it bloom?  
May be for me  
My romance lives, who knows?  
Where can she be,  
Who stole my poor heart with a rose.

# The sailors love the girls

Look at the jolly sailors  
Walking round and round the deck,  
When they might be walking with a girl.  
Their arms around their neck.

Look at the jolly sailors  
When they gaily come ashore,  
See them kiss a pretty miss,  
And some kiss three or four or more

## Refrain

The sailors love the girls,  
Sailors love the girls,  
Heave Ho! wherever they go  
The sailors love the girls.  
They love their lovely eyes,  
Love their lovely curls,  
Dark, fair, oh, what do they care.  
The sailors love the girls.  
They like a bit o'beauty  
Dressed up in a dress,  
Sailors do their duty,  
East, West; nevertheless,  
Tho' you may see a girl  
About without a sailor,  
Oh, oh, you never will see  
A sailor without a girl

Every jolly sailor  
Likes to squeeze a lady's glove,  
Oh, a sailor knows the way to fight,  
And knows the way to love;  
Sailors have got a girl in  
Ev'ry port I've heard them state,  
That's a fib, they 've one in Gib,  
And down in Pompey seven or eight.

## **When the Guardsman started Crooning on Parade**

The crowd was cheering loudly,  
The Guards were marching proudly  
The band played a regimental tune;  
And then came such an eyeful,  
A Guardsman dropped his rifle.  
He left the ranks, and then began  
With a hi-di-hi-di-ho, (to croon,  
Began the crazy show.

Chorus.

The Gen'ral lost his busby,  
He said, "It's Private Crosby,"  
When the Guardsman started crooning on Parade;  
The band played. "Red Hot" rhythm,  
They knew the stuff to give'em,  
When the Guardsman started crooning  
The burgler got excited, (on Parade.  
He started in to blow;  
The troops joined in the chorus  
With a hi-di-hi-di-ho.  
If seemed the blinking army  
Went absolutely balmy,  
When the Guardsman started crooning on parade

# Cowboy.

Cowboy, you're a real humdinger,  
You're a hilly billy singer,  
You know how boy.  
Born to ride the range and love it.  
The silver sky above it, Cowboy. (Hum.)  
Cowboy, tho you're lean and lanky.  
Guess there's nothin' 'bout you swanky,  
You're a wow boy,  
Tho' you really look a tough one,  
You've a heart that's big enough son,  
Cowboy. (Hum.)  
Born to be a shothorn's lucky  
And to sleep beneath the stars,  
Born to roll your own tobacco,  
While the boss smokes big cigars.  
Cowboy, you're a one gal's feller,  
They don't make 'em any sweller,  
Take a bow boy.  
Guess the ratne would die without you.  
There's something fine about you, Cowboy

## Interlude

Ridin' the range under the blue,  
Ridin' the range, it all belongs to you.  
Just drift along, don't ever change,  
Singing your song and ri-i-din the range.

## Repeat Verse



Voor op de boterham

*Louis Koopman!*

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